nothing.

A multitude of these men habitually arrive at the beginning of a wa'king match, and

said: 'Verily women had better be allowed to vote,"

In England it is customary, owing to the

carly closing hour, to clear the place where a walking match is in progress at midnight. Sporting men complem that certain devia-tions from the exact truth of the returns is

laylight crept in at the roof, and drained the

MARY CONNELL'S INJURIES.

Two Men Arrested on Suspicion of Pushing

Her Off the Roof.

Charles Jeannette and Francis McGoverr

were taken to the Tombs Police Court this

morning and remanded to the Church street

A BABY DID DIE.

But the Deputy Coroner Says that Asthmi

Was the Cause.

In a story printed this morning a baby farm

was alleged to exist at 280 Fast Third street,

in charge of a woman named Fredericka

It was said that one little baby

Hoffman. It was said that one little baby had died there of neglect and others were

JERSEY CITY NEWS.

William Brodell Held on the Charge of

Wife Murder.

whose wife died at the City Hospital Monday

from wounds said to have been inflicted by

drunk and so received her wounds.

The police believe that the evidence they are collecting will convict Brodell.

Caught and Punished.

[From the San Francisco Chronicle.]

I heard the other day a story of a well-

known and popular artiste that I don't think

The tenor reciprocated and they were mar-

Among the Workers.

To-night the Building Trades Section will meet o discuss important matters and every delegate is wanted at 145 Eighth street.

hours when

FRIDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 30.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION (Including Postage),

VOL. 29.....NO. 9,964

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-cle

Here's a "High-Water Mark."

The Actual Bona-Fide Number of "Worlds" Printed and Sold Wednesday Nov. 7, 1888, Was

580,205.

J. B. McGuyrin, Supt. of Mail and Delivery Dept. Foreman Press-Room.

Personally appeared before me this 8th day of November, 1888, J. B. McGuppin, Superintendent Mail and Delivery Department, and W. H. NEWMAN, Foreman Press Room of THE Wonld, who, being sworn, do depose and say that the foregoing statement is true and correct. JOHN D. AUSTIN.

Commissioner of Deeds.

A Record Never Before Achieved by an American Newspaper.

ORDER, COLONEL, ORDER.

Col. OATES, of Alabama, has a plan of his own for breaking the Solid South. He beheves that the Republicans intend to do something to reorganize the Southern States politically, and he makes the suggestion that the colored voters be distranchised.

This would be a novel method of gaining Republican strength in that section. Instead of breaking the solidity it would render it more complete than ever. In one respect, it is true, it would be advantageous to the Republicans, because, by decreasthe Southern representation it would secure to them the House of Representatives for many years to come. It would also, by decreasing the Electoral vote of the Bouth, give the same party a sure thing for the next Presidency.

But does Col. OATES, of Alabama, know that there are such things as bonor and justice in the world? Does he suppose that the Republican party is dead that knowledge? Can he imagine any party capable of deliberately distranchising a race. Why does the gallant Colonel stop half way? Why not propose to restore the blessed institution of negro slavery and consign the freedmen to their old owners?

UNSURPASSED CHEEK.

Commend us to Banker CHARLES W. WALpage, of Hillsdale, Mich., for consummate impudence. Mr. Waldron ran away with a married woman last August, taking with him funds of the bank and leaving behind him his own wife and his companion's husband. There was a run on the bank, and Waldbon's partner had to stand in the breach. The gallant banker went to Europe. supplied with plenty of money, and he is now at Toledo, O., on his way back to Mich-

When interviewed yesterday Mr. WALDRON took matters very coolly. Was he afraid of arrest? Oh, no, not at all. He had "fixed up" his financial difficulties. Did he fear the husband of the companion of his flight? Certainly not. He had arranged his private irregularities. What about his deserted wife? Oh, that would be all right. He had never offered her less than \$30,000 to agree to a

Waldson is a daisy. His "cheek" is unequalled. If he will come to New York we can confidently promise him an appointment as School Commissioner at the hands of Mayor HEWITT.

A PLEASANT INTERLUDE.

A pleasant and interesting scene was witnessed on the Sixth Avenue Elevated Railroad yesterday by the passengers on a noon train. A tired-out newsboy was asleep in one of the seats. His feet were bare and blue with cold. His cap had fallen off and his head rested against the hard seat. Two young ladies entered the car and sat opposite the sleeping lad, whose face was comely despite its lack of soap and water. One of the young women cently relief to the hoofs had suited by the hoofs and suited by the hoofs are the fifth Avenue Hotel.

Stopping at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Stopping at the Albemarie are G. D. Leacmans, of St. Paul; Edwin Howard, and F. M. Hall, of Boston; L. R. Page, of Richmond, va., and F. A. Rhodes, of Providence, are enjoying the hospitality of the Hoffman House. women gently raised the boy's head without waking him, and placed her soft muff between his begrimed cheek and the hard

This was the impulsive act of a kind heart, and an old gentleman seated near smiled approvingly, and taking a quarter from his pocket without a word handed it to the young woman and pointed to the boy. Another passenger as silently offered a dime. The acts were contagious. a dime. The acts were contagious. a few minutes everybody on the car had contributed something towards the voluntary fund, and the young woman, her beauty heightened by a bright blush which covered her cheeks and reached to the forehead and chin, deposited the amount in the weary and still sleeping boy's pocket. The girls left the train before the lad awoke. Probably he dreamed of a good fairy, and doubtless he believed in Santa Claus more firmly than ever when he put his hand into his well supplied pocket,

Lynch law has taken a change of character at Wytheville, Va. This time justice seems to have been the victim. A condemned

THE WORLD. the gallows for his execution was already erected. His friends believe him innocent, and as the evidence against him was purely circumstantial, it is possible they may be right.

> The New Jersey farmers in the neighborhood of the Great Bear Swamp, a few miles west of New Brnnswick are looking for a monster. Not that they have any particular longing for a lusus nature or are curious in natural history. But their hen roosts are invaded and their pigs carried off, and the story is that the depredator is a black creature-four-footed, of course-twice the size of a sheep and with crumpled horns. So Thanksgiving Day was passed by the wellarmed farmers in the neighborhood of the swamp, but the monster hunt was fruitless.

Mr. John Nash and his wife Emma were before the Police Court yesterday, charged with quarrelling and fighting in a station of the Elevated road. When questioned by the Justice neither husband nor wife knew what the quarrel was about. It was probably to keep their hands in. As they had no money to pay fines of \$5 each, they spent Thanksgiving afternoon and evening in the Tombs. They got the Thanksgiving dinner there, anyway.

It was remarked that the prisoners under sentence of death were the heartiest eaters at the Tombs Thanksgiving dinner vesterday. They seemed to go into turkey with all the more energy, one of the keepers said, because they don't know where they may go to soon.

The Republican leaders, baying sucked their orange, are prepared to throw it away. They declare their intention to bid farewell to Johnny O'BRIEN. But Johnny says it will fare ill with them if they get his dander up.

Now that the defeated candidates in the recent election are beginning to get reconciled to defeat, the college football players are the greatest kickers of the day.

Cold turkey is the standard dish to-day.

TO GEN. SHERMAN.

As Nation long has shared your Fame, " Fing Partner" in your Laurel Wreath Thankselving Day it shares your grief. In sympathy with spotless name You saved for us The Continent; That . Georgia March " the Union won. But others won l'ame you begun. You should have been Our President For Mighty Deeds which you have done!

With Home and Name you were content! How sad to-day your Lonely Home. Lonely, yet millions think of you (From San Francisco on to Rome). For you to Truth and Home were true. "Old Friend," you do not mourn aione! GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

Continental Hotel.

WORLDLINGS.

John D. Archbold, of the Standard Oil Trust, has fortune of \$10,000,000. Twenty-two years ago ne was a poor laborer in the oil fields.

Mrs. Enzabeth J. Hereford, a Texas poetess who has recently issued a volume of poems entitled "Rebet Rhymes," is said to be a ilneal descendant of Sir Walter Scott. Some of Mrs. Hereford's verse has been considered very

Mrs. Russell Harrison, wife of the only son of the President-elect, is described as a beautiful woman of the blonde type. She dresses in excellent taste, and is noted for her good breeding and her quiet repose of manner.

A Western newspaper says that Joseph Jefferson's fortune will reach the large amount of es, oon oon. Edwin Booth and Mrs. Langtry are each rated as worth a million, while Lawrence Barrett has \$700,000, Clara Louise Kellogg \$300,000 and M s. Crabtree (Lotta's mother) \$800,000.



Bank Teller-Will you take it as presumption, madam, if I offer you these lew roses ?

Miss Caramella Goldust—I don't know, you sir! Bank Telier—I am aware of that; but you are the only woman in the history of this bank who ever indorsed a check on the right end!

Among the Hotel Guests, Philip Hiss, of Baltimore; C. Y. Patterson, of Terra Haute; S. G. Reed, of Fortland, Ore., and W. G. Veszey, of Rutland, Vt., are among the guests at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

J. B. Willson, of Charleston, S. C.; E. B. Man-ning, of Meriden, Conn., and Charles Wellly, of Cleveland, are temporary sojourners at the Bar-

On the St. James Hotel register are inscribed the names of Andrew Onderstonk, of Chicaco; W. E. Chisholm, of Baltimore; M. D. Heim, of Washing-ton, and W. A. Cowles, of Connecticat.

Craig McCline, of St. Louis; A. F. Arthur, of Knoxyalle, Tenn.; Jed Hotonkiss, of Staunton, Va., and Dr. Digby, of Brantford, Ont., are at the Branswick. At the Grand Rotel are Col. F. Bridgman and Lieut. C. R. Noyes, U. S. A.: Paymaster J. R. Martin, U. S. N.: Dougles Shirley, of Louisville; W. M. Whitney, of Albany, and S. E. Dunn, of

Stockings Preferred Here.

[From the Toledo Stade,] dress, one sentence of which declares that "a woman well dressed will always take care that her feet and legs are abod in conformity with her coa-tume." We don't know what Englas women do, but on this side the ocean takes do not shoe their legs. Stockings are far neater.

DEAR SIR: Your "Riker's Expectorant" curmurderer was yesterday morning taken from the fail by an armed mab and set free. He was to have been hanged to-day and

DREARY

Spent by an Inquiring Woman at the Six Days' Race.

peculiarly objectionable parties were being cocreed into taking their leave, held out the alluring prospect of a fight, and straightway the sleepers rose up and looked about: the women craned their necks and crowded for-Her Impressions of the Affair and Its Vulgarities.

Ante-Daylight Exhibitions in the Boxes and Seats. .

Mingled Odors and Unmixed Discomforts Abounded. Madison Square Garden under walking-

match conditions is, happily, an undiscovered country to most women. They know the place as the scene of garden concerts, the theatre for large charity bazaers. they have heard its echoes awakened by the various notes of canine woe and warning and protest during bench shows, they have taken the children there to the circus, and only a little while ago the flower of New York society

the period of the horse show. No more striking contrasts could be imagined than were presented by the same place during that fashionable equine exhibition and those afforded last night at the interna tional walking-match-the six days' go-asyou-please which opened last Sunday.

womanhood-all its daintiest dames and its

fairest maidens—thronged the place during

A fine drizzing rain blurred the shipme of the lights in Madison Square, soppy footfalls echoed along the quiet street, and only when we were close to the Garden could we perceive any sign of the surging life within its walls.

At the entrance, two women alone, clad in conspicuous raiment, were standing at the curostone dickering in loud tones with the driver of a hansom A spitting match had evidently taken place

in the lobby, where the floor plainly indicated that there had been many contestants. The first whiff which greeted our nostrile and lungs, as the swinging portals opened before us, was distinctly not "laden with airs from heaven." Fumes of stale beer, a savor of wet umbrelles and a nauscating odor of bad to laceo in combination, escaped past us into the chilly darkness of Thanksgiving

Light.

The whole vast place was aglow with gas and electricity. The roof was gay with flags and buiting, but there all attempt at decoration ceased. Away at the further and the place where the horses and the elephants usually appear and the spot to which our eyes turned from force of habit at once— stood a semicircle of little wooden shanties stood a semicircle of little wooden shanties with peaked roofs of red and white striped canvas. In walking-match parlance they are known as "huts." They look like little pasteboard tombs—a suggestion which is carried out by the various fleral designs in immortelles which are hung plentifully about the doorways.

These little shanties—beg pardon, huts—as the sheel of the contestants.

are the chode of the contestants.

An atmosphere of witchhazel and hot alcohol was perceptible as we drew near to the settlement. Most of the walkers were resting or being cared for by their trainers, and their doors were closed. One, however,

and their doors were closed. One, however, stood open, and we examined the interior, which probably furnished a fair sample of the arrangements in all the rest.

A narrow, hard hospital cut stood in one corner, with a plantom pillow, and a coarse bianket, which wouldn't be so thick or so heavy if it was cleaner. A small gas slove convenied another corner, It stood on a occupied another corner. It should on a wooden chair, and there was some broth stewing over the flame. The walls, of rough boards, were hung fantastically with stock-ings, nether underguments and woollen shirts and blazers, all, equally with the bedcovering, to be commended to the offices of some cleausing establishment. An exclamation at the condensed discom-fort of these quarters elicited from a trainer

this statement:
"We don't want to make them comfortable. If they were so they'd spend the week
in their huts and there'd be no walking done. As it is, we have to urge, coax and drive them back to the track. Of course, they're fed splendidly—that's necessary to keep them Why, it costs about \$200 a week to pro

up. Why, it costs about \$200 a week to provision one of these men and his trainers."
Several of these latter important functionaries slept sitting on chairs outside the tents. In front of one door sat a woman, bareheaded, wrapped in a shewl, with her feet resting on a chair and an expression of Spartan endurance abiding on her countenance. There was actually more "staying power" in that woman's face than showed in the visage of any one of the fagged looking men, toiling painfully around the sawdust track, laid just inside the tiers of boxes.

It was past the stroke of midnight, Casnal visitors to the Garden were nearly all gone.

visitors to the Garden were nearly all gone, and the phases of life peculiar to the earliest hours of the new day at a walking-match were developing on all sides.

The busiest quarter was inside the ring. Hundreds of men swarmed there. They hung over the picket fence inclosing it and stood in rows gazing at the rack. Groups hung around the lunch stells, and crowds hung around the lunch stells, and crowds encircled the stands where 'ring tossing' was the attraction. This amusement consisted in pitching wooden curtain rings at a stretch of canvas stuck full of walking-sticks, or a board table bristling with penknives opened and jabbed into it. Whoever encircles one of these prizes with a defty thrown ring might claim the same. Two women were tossing rings for a cane, and the men crowded about and encouraged

and the men crowded about and encouraged their efforts.

The forlorn walkers thread their weary round with about the same alacrity exhibited by a reluctant dog forced to propel a treadmill churn. Now and then their attendants ran alongside, offering them refreshment in the shape of milk punch, beaten eggs or some hing else which could be inbibed as they trotted along. One man derived his nourishment from a little tin teapot which he tilted up while be drank from the spout. From time to time the men who had laid themselves down to sleep in the boxes or along the reserved seats would gather themselves in p. shout our some encouragement to the wan figures passing by, and then subside into slumber again.

into slumber again.

The women did not grow drowsy, and when The women did not grow drowsy, and when accompanied by men became more or less boisterous as the night wore on.

One group cheered and shouted in hoarse voices and were highly diverted by the efforts of one of their party to balance beer glasses on the head of his cane. Crashes and splashes ensued, and finally one of the women proclaimed that they were "all drunk,"—a statement which the most unsophisticated observer could not have gainssid. Another group, whose condition spoke for itself with equal plainness, hung over the rail at the edge of the track saluting the pedestrians as they passed. A girl, with a face that might have been very fair and sweet, loiled over the fence and cried in beery tones:

beery tones:

'Go it, Petey, there's the boy!" and flung a horseshoe of immortelles. When the intended recipient failed to catch it, she yelled

again:

"Never mind, get it next trip."

If women who think it amusing to season their speech with a savor of slang phrases could spend a night at a walking match and listen to these expressions tossed from the tips of the demi-mondaines who gather there they would never vish to utter them again.

A centre of attraction, to many who waved A centre of attraction to many who were tree of long nothing, was the sausage stall. There,

over a bed of glowing coals, rested on a broiler rows of savory-smelling sausages, and the trade was brisk as the bours wore on.

The band does not exert itself in the night watches, and nothing broke the monotony for mere lookers-on in Venice until the cry of the newsboys, pedding morning papers, resounded at 4 o'clock.

Then a scuffle at the entrance, where some peculiarly objectionable parties were being senior surgeon Chalmers Was Stricken of the new story of the newsboys are senior surgeon Chalmers Was Stricken of the new story of the newsboys are suffle at the entrance, where some peculiarly objectionable parties were being senior surgeon Chalmers Was Stricken of the new story of the newsboys of the new

Senlor Surgeon Chalmers Was Stricken Down at file Post, and Then His Wife Caught the Discuse-The Hospital Rad to Be Closed and Its Wards Disinfected to Prevent the Contagion Spreading.

women craned their necks and crowded for-ward, and the throng inside the ring made a stampede for the door.

Their hopes of a row proved fallacious, however, and they presently relapsed into their former attitudes and o-cupations—the last named being chiefly that of doing nothing. Gouverneur Hospital has been closed for ward patients owing to the appearance of aphtheria in its most violent form, and will not reopen for some time. All the hospital patients have been transferred to Bellevue.

A multitude of these men habitually arrive at the Leginning of a wa'king match, and spend the entire week within the walls of the Garden. The patronize the sausage man, the lunch stands, and are a great prop to the beer industry; but they are at no expense for lodging.

None of our party had ever taken to heart the Woman's Rights cause, nor had any one put her whole mind on the female suffrage question, but when we gazed about at these controllers of the ballot, we sighed and said: 'Verly women had better be allowed to yote." The disease first made its appearance on Tuesday last when Senior Surgeon Chalmers was taken sick at his post. He was found to be suffering from diphtheria and was secluded in his room, but his wife, who nursed um, also caught the disease, and it was feared it would spread throughout the insti-

The matter was kept very quiet, but Wednesday the Commissioners of Charities and Correction held a special meeting, and decided to close Gouverneur Hospital for the resent and to have the building thoroughly

The work of removing the patients was at once be un and to-day the last of them was taken to Bellevue and the work of disinfection was been.

taken to Bellevne and the work of disinfection was begun.
Surgeon Chalmers, who contracted the disease while recovering from an attack of pneumonia, is the only patient left at the hospital, and although he is reported as being a little better this morning, he is also suffering from heart failure, and the chances of his other grounds,
As the dawning drew near, one by one the As the dawning drew near, one by one the lights began to fade out. The row of dusty portholes close to the roof showed grayer and grayer in the faint light; the pedestrians went on and on, their drooping, spiritless faces showing more and more how fagged they felt. From time to time they would stop to moisten their handkerchiefs, or lave their leands in a barrel of water standing by the track, Blood was flowing from one man's nose, and his eyes were distended and bloodshot, but he kept on. The daylight crept in at the roof, and drained the

ing from heart failure, and the chances of his recovery are very doubtful. It is said that Mrs. Chalmers was taken with only a mild form of the disease and that size would be around in a few days.

Senior Surgeon Chalmers has filled that position for nine months at Gouverneur Hespital. He came to this city from Portland, Ore., where his relatives and friends live. He is a graduate of Bellevue Hospital. He is wouty four years of aye and year popular work four years of aye and year popular. twenty-four years of age and very popular with all of his associates. Dr. Huber, of Henry street; Dr. Soule and House Surgeon Dr. McNamara are in con-

rolor from the gay banners. The indelible flush on the women's faces showed brighter than their ever; their eyes were maggard; they began to go away.

The international walking match is a feature of the advanced civilization of this nine-teenth century. It has a good many of the characteristics which belonged to displays of stant attendance upon Surgeon Chalmers. They say they expect the trouble will be over and the hospital reopened by Monday. strength and endurance in the arena of ancient heathen Rome; but in vulgar brutality it holds its own admirably.

To all woman who wish to spend a night at a walking match, we would offer that popular and invariably disregarded counsel, "Don't."

SMUGGLED GEMS AS BAIT.

Herman Bernhard and a Pal Swindle Dozens of Tradesmen.

Herman Bernhard, alias Strauss, whose face is familiar to every student of the rogues' portrait gallery, is to-day in a cell at Police Headquarters, accused of numerous successful swindling operations.

The particular enterprise which has again got Bernhard into a hole is told as follows by Inspector Byrnes: In the latter part of Sepstation-house on suspicion of injuring Mary Connell last night by pushing her off the fire-escape of 101 Greenwich street. It is admitted that the men were quarrel-ling in the rear third-story hallroom when Mary, who is aunt to McGovern's wife, tried ember Bernhard paid a visit to the store of Franz Michaels, a shoemaker at Seventy-sixth street and First avenue, and told a pitiful story of his daughter's misfortune. He said that she was a beautiful girl, who was afflicted with a short foot, and he wanted a cork shoe

Mary, who is aunt to McGovern's wife, tried to get into the room by the fire-escape, and that she was found in the yard later with three ribs broken, having fallen three stories. The men are suspected of pushing Mrs. Connell from the fire-escape, but there is no evidence to this effect. Mrs. Connell went through Mrs. Maria Salie's room to get onto the oscape, and the latter said this morning that the two men were in the adjoining room, away from the window, and Mrs. Connell was the only person on the escape.

Mrs. Connell was taken unconscious to Chambers Street Hospital, and this morning said she remembered absolutely nothing about the affair. She is in a critical condition and may die. While bargaining for the remarkable shoe a tranger entered and displayed a package of peautiful diamonds and jewelry. He claimed to have arrived recently from England and had smuggled his jewelry.

He was anxious to effect an immediate sale, as he was out of employment and in need of

as he was out or employment and in need or funds.

Bernhard looked over the stuff and ap-peared to be wonderfully enthused over its beauty and cheapness, and turning it over to the shoemaker, whispered: That jewlry is worth \$300: give him The sale was concluded and the alleged

smuggler departed. Then Bernhard re-examined the diamonds and other jewels and said to Michaels:
"Let me take this to my pawnbroker and I will get you \$150 on it. Will that be chough?"

enough?"
Michaels was cestatic over such sudden wealth and readily acquiesced. Bernhard left the shop and neither he nor the jewelry was seen again. Michaels laid the case before the Chief Detective Bureau, and Detectives O'Brien and McCauley were put on the case. The detectives learned that Bernhard and his companion had done a land office business with line should be seen as a land office business. dying in filth.

An Evening World reporter found no
Henrietta Hauftsuch woman at the place. Henrietta Hauft-man, a pleasant-faced, motherly-looking old German woman does live there, and she takes in babies to mind for busy mothers. Three children are all that she ever cares for at one time.

Every one in the house speaks well of her.

At present she only has two children in her care, both girls. One is three, and the other

ness in this line, shopkeepers and inmates of reputable flats being the victims.

Bernhard was captured yesterday and was locked up in a cell at Police Headquarters. He is a tall, lantern-jawed fellow, with a sem-blance of side-whiskers and speaks in a jerky, blance of side-whiskers and speaks in a jerky, but confidential manner.

This morning over a dozen men and women called at Police Headquarters and identified Bernhard as having swindled them in much the same way as was Michaels. He was taken to Essex Market Police Court and remanded.

two years old. They seem devotedly fond of her, and when the reporter playfully at-tempted to take them out of the house, they clung to her dress and refused to leave her. She has lived in that house for fourteen years. A child did die in her apartments last Wednesday, but it was of asthma, due to simple meningitis, as Deputy Coroner Her-old certified. CAMPION MAKES AN ADMISSION.

He Was at Honorah De Fledde's House the Day of the Marder.

The death of Mrs. Honorah De Fledde, at her brother's home, 149 Second street, Hoboken. Tuesday night, apparently by strangulation, is still practically shrouded in mys-William Brodell, the Jersey City man ery, which will not be cleared a until County Physician Converse makes his postnortem examination of the body. William Campion, the young man held on

him, was held for trial on a charge of murder by Justice Robinson this morning. Brodell made a general denial and said that his wife fell out of bed white stupidly suspicion of having strangled the woman, is still detained, and it it is proven that violence caused her death, he will be tried for murder. caused her death, he will be tried for murder.

Campion's reputation is of the worst. Although but twenty years old he has been in a dozen serious scrapes. He has anne ed Mrs. De Fledde frequently by going to her rooms and insisting that she send for beer. He was at the house at 2 o'clock Tuesday, as Katie Greenash saw him leave and return again to place a chair against the door of Mrs. De Fledde's room, the lock of which was broken.

Campion declares that he was not near De Fledde's room during Tuesday, but admits that he was in the house. The young man was mixed up in the case of murdered Eckelena, the Italian who was killed at the same house on Second street last June.

The woman's body is still at her brother's house, where it will remain until the inquest on Tuesday. has ever been in print. Like average female human nature she fell in love with a tenor, The tenor reciprocated and they were mar-ried. They hast not been iong man and wife before she began to feel suspicious of him. But she had something of an opinion of her-self and what was due to her, and she said nothing. At last he told her upon one occasion that he was going to Paris on profes-sional business, and he had to leave her in Lon-don. She found out that he had not gone to France, but was at Liverpool with avoider quest on Tuesday.

GOV. LEE OFFERS \$1,000 REWARD.

Great Excitement in Virginia Over the Liberation of Murderer Sutton. INDECIAL TO THE EVENING WORKS, I

don. She found out that he had not gone to France, but was at Liverpool with another woman. She went quietly to Liverpool and put up at the same hotel, and next morning at breakfast-time she walked into the dining-room and saw him seated with his new flame enjoying a cosy meal. She marched up to the table, did not look at the woman at all, but carelessly taking off her wedding ring, she laid it on his plate and said:

"I have no further use for this, sir."

And she has never spoken to him since, Yet it seems to me that the wedding hoop should sometimes be spelt "wring." RICHMOND, Va., Nov. 30. -Great excitement prevails over the releasing of Wayman Sutton from the Wytheville jail by a band of armed men, wearing masks, at 2 o'clock yesterday morning.

Gov. Lee has issued a proclamation offer

ing \$1,000 reward for the apprehension of the party or parties engaged in liberating the murderer of Peter Harvel. Sutton was to have been hanged to-day, the gallows had been erected and all was in

waiting for the execution. Common Sense

wanted at 145 Eighth street.

Since their local assembly at Haverhill, Mass., collapsed the wages of the shoemakers have been reduced nearly a dollar a day.

Eccien Robinson, Master Workman of National District Assembly No. 252, is engaged in organizing the 50,000 orass-workers in Connecticut.

The Window-Glass Workers' Association, of Pittsburg, is about to establish a National bank of its own. It has a large amount of money on hand and will start with 3,000 depositors.

Charles Litchman, late Secretary of the Knights In the treatment of catarrh will indicate that local ap-plications can do but little if any good; being a constitutional disease, catarrh requires a constitutional remedy like fixed's bareaparilla. It attacks at once the source of the disease by purifying and enriching the blood. Charles Litchman, late Secretary of the Knights of Lanor; John Jarrett, Eccles korinson and other labor leaders are preparing to form a labor organization which will deal with political question, outstail be son-partisen. Litchman is now at work on the plan of organization and the constitution. which in passing through the delicate passages of the mucous membrans soothes and rebuilds the tissues, giving them tendency to bealth matead of disease, and nitimately curing the affection.

Hood's flaresperilla is sold by druggists. SI: six for 55. Prepared by U. I. HOOD & OO., Lowell, Mass.

Will Be Nothing Left of the District Organization-No Fear That the Plan to Starve Him Out by Refusing Him Federal Patronage Can Be Put in Effect.

The amateur politicians of the G. O. P., who are attempting to discipline Johnny O'Brien and the other district leaders of the Eighth Assembly District, begin to see that they have undertaken a difficult task.

It is so easy to reorganize a district in one's mind or on paper that the actual difficity was not perceived until they were brought face to face with it.

A canvass of the Eighth Assembly District has satisfied the Union League Club Republicans that the material left out of which to create a new organization after O'Brien. Smith, Brodsky, Krans, Rourke and the rest are kicked out will be simply nothing.

O'Br en and his triends laugh at the reformers and care little what they do, at the ame time reminding them that they are sim-

same time reminding them that they are simply bringing discredit upon the Republican party by this airing of its dirty linen.

John J. O'Brien, his friends say, doesn't care to belong to any party. He is satisfied to know that he controls the majority of votes cast in the Eighth Assembly District and he can do this as well outside the pale of party organization as when in.

A well-known Republican who is prominent in the fight against O'Brien said today that a

in the fight against O'Brien sa'd to-day that a plan has been devised by which a new or-ganization in opposition to O'Brien may be It is, he said, to offer new leaders a certain

amount of Federal patronage and starve the O'Brien gang out. Nursed on Federal pap, he thinks a new organization migat strong and finally break O'Brien's hold on the district.

the district.

This is a very clever scheme, but O'Brien does not fear that it will be put into practice. He says that his district gave the greatest majority for Harrison of any in the city, and would like it to be inferred that that is his sole reason for not fearing that he will be left out when the plums are distributed.

It is not the only reason, though. He has a strong friend in Senator Quay, who admires Johnny for his maintenance of the purity of the ballot-box, and Col. W. W. Dudley is lost in admiration at his ability to

Dudley is lost in admiration at his ability to "bunch fives" and eatch "floaters."
With the friendship of two such men O'Brien knows that he won't get left when the spoils of war are divided among the in the courts?

MISHAPS ON THE SEA.

victors.

Deports from Captains Whose Ships Were Out in the Storm.

The effects of the recent storm on the ocean are just beginning to be made known. Over a score of vessels arrived yesterday, and they all reported mishaps.

The Cherokee, from Charleston, was somewhat damaged about her mainmast. The Chattahoochie, from Savannah, had a hole

what damaged about her mainmast. The Chattahoochie, from Savannah, had a hole stove in the port side of her saloon.

Capt. Aslakan. of the steamer Amicitia, from Angostura, sighted a disabled schooner while off Cape Hatteras on Tuesday last.

He ordered the boats down, and in the midst of a perfect hurricane Capt. Bennett and seven sal'ors were rescued from the wreck. They were the crew of the schooner San Domingo, and they reported that their craft had been struck by the cyclone three days before, shifting her cargo and causing a serious leak. Their masts and boat had been carried away, and before they were rescued they had given up all hope.

The steamship Alene, Capt, Seiders, arrived from Kingston, Jamaica. The cuptain reports that on Nov. 27, in latitude 33, 45, longitude 73, 45, he passed a large brigantine-rigged steamer in distress, with the steamship Napier alongside of her.

The wind was so high that he couldn't get near enough to the disabled vessel to see her name. Her bowsprit, cutwater, funnel and boats were painted black, and she was using her port anchor as a drag.

THERE WILL BE A BIG EXODUS.

Over a Hundred Tammany Men to Leave the Harlem Democratic Club To-Night.

To-night will witness the secession long promised by the Tammany Hall members of the Harlem Democratic Club, probably 150 in all. Among the seceders are Mayor-elect Grant, Senators Ives and Cantor, Deputy County Clerk Gilroy, Judge Rudolph B.

County Clerk Gilroy, Judge Rudolph B, Martine, Police Justice Andrew J. White, Joseph J. O'Donohue, Fir. Commissioners Croker and Purroy, Police Justice Charles Welde, John M. Coman, Luke F. Cozzans and Congressman W. Bourke Cockran.

This wholesale exodus of Tammanyites from the Harlem Democratic Club was occasioned by the indorsement of Abram S. Hewitt's candidacy for Mayor by a close vote, or, rather, that was the culmination of

Hewitt's candidacy for Mayor by a close vote, or, rather, that was the culmination of causes which had been gradually leading towards disruption.

The County Democracy members of the Club claim that the resignations will not number above eighty and that, with a membership of over five hundred, the Club will still be a lively corpse after the withdrawal of the Tammany members.

The site selected by the Tammany men for a new club-house will probably be between Sixth and Seventh avenues on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street.

and Twenty-fifth street. BROOKLYN NEWS.

The Sad Position of a Fourteen-Year-Old

A fourteen-year-old girl, who gave the name of Lillian Thomas, was committed in Brooklyn this morning to the care of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

The girl was arrested last night with a five-paths and last night with a five-paths.

months old baby in her possession. She said the child was her own, and that she had for two years been living with an Italian as his wife at 56 Mam street. She would not give the man's name.

A Patriarch of New York Society Dead. Maturin Livingston, formerly so prominent in New York society, died late last night at his home 30 West Twenty-fourth street, in his seventy-third year. Mr. Livingston was one of the batriarchs and a member of the Knickerbooker Union and other clubs. He had a cottave at Newport. Mrs. Levi P. Morton is a cousin of Mr. Livingston.

> What Are Peptonix:

They are digestive tablets, and they have curve more cases of dyspepsia than all other digestive remedies in the world.

One lustance:

208 WEST CHESTER PARK, 268 West Cristers Park,
Bostos, March 20, 1888.
I have been seriously troubled with dyspepsia for tenyears, during which thus I have bad to use extreme
care about my diet, and have surfaced much sovere discomfort and distress. I have tried various remedies
and prescriptions without effect, until a month ago,
when I experimented with Peptonix. Since using them
I have been able to est anything that my appetite has
craved, without the slightest inconvenience or ill effect.
They work like imagic, and I am bappy to say a good
word for an article which has benefited the so much.

JOHN F. HAM.

SOLD BY DRUCGISTS. Mailed prepaid, on receipt of price, 75 cents per box.

THE ALLSTON CO., 67 High Street, Boston. Bend two-cent stamp for sample.

(From Judge.1



Miss Richpurse (despondently)-Oh, Rdwardt if could only know for certain you loved me and not my money I would be your wife. Mr. Hordpan (eagerly)-Test me, Eleanort to my nonest.

Miss Richpurse—But bow?

Mr. Hardpas (desperately)—Lend me a dollar antil to-morrow.

The First Little Buttereup. [From Puck,] Eve was the first apple woman,

Ha'd Find Fault Any Way.

The man who finds fault when his newspaper in damp is equally dissatisfied when it is dry.

Accounted For. Smith-What do you suppose makes Sadlers eyes so watery?

Jones-Oh, when a man pores over the ledger all day I presume he gets into the habit of it. They Ought To. 'I have a question for you," said the Suate

Editor this morning to the Figureial Editor.

"What is it?"
"Do forged checks come under the designation
of guilt-edged paper?" He Minunderatood. [From Time.]
Robinson—How does it come that you are always

Lawyer-That's my business.

Robinson-On, well, I wouldn't get so touchy about a little thing if I were you. At the Sacred Concert. [From America.]
Poroine—What's that they're single' now 7 Miss Porcine - That's Handel's twenty-third

Pan'in. Fine, isn't it?

Porcine—First rate music, but I don't think much of the words. Who wrote 'em? Knew What He Was Doing. Knew What Indee Blade.]
He (preparing to go out)—I don't knew whether
What are the weather to take my umbrella or not. What are the we forecasts in the morning paper?
She...Fair weather.
He...Then I guess I'll take my umbrella.

She Misunderstood. [From the Funkes Blade.] Mrs. Ignoram (angrily to Mr. Classicus—I hourd Mrs. C.—i said no such thing, Mrs. Igneram, merely remarked that I guessed the goddes o whatom was unable to officiate at your birth. Mrs. I—Oh.

It Might Have Been,

"That jest of yours," said the editor, erately, as he scanned the contribution, "might have been written by Shakespeare."

"You fatter me," exclaimed the trembling aspirant, flushing to the roots of his anti-collar.

"Not at all. It is as old as the Seven ages of Man."

Looking for Greater Miracles.

"Well, this do beat all!" exclaimed Aunt Har riet, as they took their first ride on the elevated "who'd 'a' thought o' railroadin' in the sir?"

"Sho!" replied Uncle Abner; "my newspaper says that a big part o' the railroad companie of New York are run largely on water, and that's the kind o' road I want to see afore we go home."

Young Society Man-My father wants me is make a call on the daughter of an old friend up here. Come along with me. Company, three a crowd, "you know,
Young Society Man—Yes, but I understand the
young lady once suce a fellow for breach of
promise.

The Defeated Caudidate's Lament.

BY W. H. O.
In the soup. Oh, mournful fate!
And am I not exceeding wroth
That men whom I has reckned straight
Should drop me in this greasy broth. In the soup. I had not thought,
When I accepted, that so soon
The consommetton I'd not sought
Would be the part of this poor loc

A Musical Landslide, (From the St. Paul Pioneer Press.)
With all his characteristic facility for invellected progression by the method of going backwar. Emperor William has ordered to be substitute the French word "patrol" the German equiva the French word "pairol" the German equivalent.
"Troppenthellennachtigspusiergang." And now when a young society girl throws herself with a graceful abondon onto the key-board of a plane and commences to play the "Turkan Truppenthielennacutigspusiergang," then may the heaven you away as a seroil and may the rocks and in mountains fail and cover us. It will be a musical and ships.

The Dude's Confidente. (Philadelphia Telegraph's Washington Letter.)
It is the proper thing for the fashions

young man or dude of Washington to have

confidante, It is not a chum or clas who has grown up into all his secrets that he needs; not a boon companion, a lively your fellow, who goes out with him o' nights Not at all. His confidente must be a younglady, and the younger and prettier the better Not at all. His confidence must be a young lady, and the younger and prettier the better, of course. She is not his sweetheart, not has she any idea of being." She is some body's else sweetheart, perhaps, and his beloved may be the confidente of yet another. She is a nice young girl who is a sister to him. He lisps into her ear his little trouble tells her of his love affairs, &c., and she sympathizes with and advises him. She may be the sister or friend of his beloved; they she acts as a go-between when necessary. She serves him in a number of ways, in return for which he shows her the delicate attentions that are expected of a brother—but not always received from him. He dance with her when she has no other partner takes her to the theatre occasionally, remembers her birthday, and gives her his neekts for patchwork. Naturally a man, especially a dude, is a selfab brute, and he gets mere comfort from her than he returns compliments for; but the young man and his confidente generally get along pretty well—beter than they would if lovers. The dude who has a pretty confidente is auxitous that ever one should know it, and he is apt to tall he his secrets in a tone of voice to be heard by others.

The other day I heard one lisping his grist.

others.

The other day I heard one lisping his grie into the ear of a very sweet-looking girl, somewhat his junior, but of that string type of which he was a male representative. "You know," he said, "I love her dwodfully much land, you know, she likes me. The trouble is her parwents have a shocking i-deah that I am dissipated."

A PANE, sure care for coughs and solds. Analison to a not the are.